PRICE FIVE CENTS.

steam launches in double column and the

Catalpa followed by the pulling boats in double column, but in the confusion

of the swarms of river craft this formation was necessarily somewhat condensed. The

ordinary traffic at that point keeps the bay crowded, and a swarm of excursion boats, special tugs, steam rachts, and saliboats added to the difficulties of navigation. The

steam launches and the more picturesque

pulling boats were ranged nearly abreast, and

the Catalpa and Nina were pretty close to-

gether most of the time. The distance to the

VOL. LVII.-NO. 358.

## NEW YORK, SUNDAY, AUGUST 24, 1890.-TWENTY-TWO PAGES.

## SWEDEN CLAIMS HER SON

His Life was Ours; His Native Land to Hold His Grave.

## AN ARMY AND A FLEET HIS MOURNERS

Hearsed in a Battleship His Body Taken Home.

Whatever Our Country Has of Vessels o War, of Commerce, and of Peace, Gather to Salute with Guns and Pennants the Passing Out of Our Mosping of the Reof the Man who, when Others' Skill had Failed, Found Us a Way Out of Bestruction-Veterans of the Ships th Master Built Watch the Transfer from the Tomb, and the Rulers of a New Navy Uncover at the Coffin of the Maker of the Old-The Country Looks On at the larrender of the Body of an Adopted Son,

In solemn pageant, with cannon booming and fags fluttering at half-mast and the soldiers of the nation marching with trailing guns ; with drums rolling and bands playing triumphal marches; with choirs lifting the song of Sweden and the battle hymn of the republic: through streets lined with people and across the bay between the noble war ships of the new navy; with every mark of dignity and honor that a proud people could pay to , the



memory of the man who did them a great-ser vice when their national life was in danger. the body of John Ericsson was borne yes terday to an American man-of-war, found a temporary resting place there, and began the voyage to its tomb in Sweden. Primarily it was a tribute to the great inventor whose mechanical and engineering genius made him one of the most remarkable men of any age. but there were few among the thousands who looked at Ericsson's coffin yesterday as it passed down Broadway who did not think of that March morning in the civil war when the sunlight that stole over Hampton Roads saw the small strange Monitor lying between the Minnesots and the Merrimae and saw the battle afterward that shattered the strongth of the Confederacy.

Around Ericsson's coffin yesterday was wrapped the flag that waved upon the Monitor in that famous struggle. After the hearse, with the Secretary of the Navy, there rode the hero, venerable now, who commanded the Monitor, men of Eriesson's ship-a few bent old men with white hair, whose pride was that nearly thirty years ago they manned the ship that saved the Union. After them came the Swedish engineers, followed by nearly every Swede in the city. Associations of seamen, of naval and military veterans, a great throng of Odd Fellows, of which order Ericsson was a member, ranged themselves in line, while with imposfar naval honors, the body was embarked upon the United States cruiser Balti-



more, and the embarkation accomplished, the Ealtimore immediately put to sea. The big guns on the men-of-war thundered as the Baltimore passed by them and went down the bay. And thus did the country carry out the wish both of Ericsson and of Sweden, that his body should rest at last in his native land.

Capt. Eriesson died on March 8 of last year. and three days later his body was conveyed. with appropriate funeral services, from the house where he so long lived a retired life at 86 Beach street, to the old Marble Cemetery on Second street, between First and Second avenues. The body was paced there in the receiving vault, but was transferred to one of the family vaults of the cemetery. Capt. Ericsson had requested that his body should be taken home to Sweden. The well-worn drawing board on the table over which he worked, together with his squares and compasses and other drawing instruments, were gratefully received by the National Museum in Stockholm. The door jambs, fireplace, and even the mantel of Etiesson's workshop were removed, and the 

(apt. Ericsson's executors, George i. nubinson and C. H. Bushnell, intimated to the United States Government the pleasure that not only they, but all Swedish people, would feel if the Gov-

ernment provided a man-of-war to transfer Ericsson's body to Stockholm. Nothing was done, however, until Secretary Blaine submitted the matter to the consideration of the Secretary of the Navy.

Secretary Blaine's action was caused by the following letter, which was sent to him by Rufus Magee, the American Minister to

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, STOCKHOLM, April 10, 1889. The Hon. Junes G. Maine, Becretary of State, Wash

son, D. C.
Sin: On yesterday I had the honor to transmit to you a cablegram in the following words: "Blaine, Washington: Sweden would regard with extreme favor Ericsson's body sent home by man-of-war. Magee." This cablegram was the result of a conversation with the Under Secretary of State for the Royal United Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, who asked me to forward it on request of Count Ehrensvard, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Unquestionably the Government, as well as the people of Sweden, would regard such action on the part of the Government of the United States as highly complimentary and satisfactory. I have made no expression upon the subject, and report simply my reason for forwarding the cablegram. If such action is taken I would suggest it be in June, as navigation will hardly be opened here before the latter part of May. Perhaps a formal reply should be made to the department here as to the determination in the matter of the Government of the United States. Awaiting the same-

Accordingly, a month ago Secretary of the Navy Tracy determined to send a naval vessel to Stockholm with Ericsson's remains, and detailed the Essex for this purpose. In response to a vary general request, however, that one of the new war ships be substituted. Secretary Tracy ordered that the Baltimore instead of the Essex go to Sweden. After consultation with the executors the department fixed upon the afternoon of Aug. 23 as the time for the Baltimore's departure, and Rear Admiral Braine, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was intrusted with the direction of all the arrangements connected with the ceremony. In the order to Admiral Braine, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Soley, after recounting Ericsson's services to the country and declaring that he was "the foremost of American mechanics." added "that it was the department's desire to surround the embarkation with every circumstance that can invest it with dignity and solemnity." The Navy Department also, by the publication of Assistant Secretary Soley's letter, invited "all associations composed of the friends, companions, or former countrymen of Capt. Ericason to take part in the procession to the Battery." The navy yard authorities, therefore, prepared maps of the route to be traversed, issued general and special orders, and arranged an elaborate programme. The ceremony was in itself a simple one—the honors paid being purely naval, with no addresses or religious services.

At 8% o'clock yesterday morning the navy yard tug Nina, under the command of Lieut. Karl Rohrer, U. S. N., went the rounds of the white squadron in the North Biver and gathered from each ship as many marines as could be spared. The marines of the vessels in the navy yard-the Philadelphia, Boston, Minnesota, Yantic, and Vermont-reported to Major R. W. Huntington, U. S. Marine Corps, at the foot of Main street, in the navy yard, at 10:15 o'clock. Enough were mustered to make eight

in its caken case, was then removed just out-side the doors of the receiving vault and placed on pedestals, which were heavily draped in black, six great handles of brass, highly pol-ished, were arranged upon the side of the oaken box. On a wide cross-bar of oak on the top was a brass plate bearing this inscription:

CAPT. JOHN ERICSSON. DIED MARCH 8, 1868, AGED 85 YEARS.

Then the undertaker draped the box in the national colors of Sweden—a dark blue flag with a big orange cross upon it lengthwise—and in the original starry banner that floated upon the Monitorin the Merriman fight. Finally, there was placed upon the box a large wreath of laurel leaves, sent by the executors of Capt. Eriesson's estate, G. H. Robinson and C. S. Bushnell.

Bushnell.
At 10% o'clock the crowd filled Second street, in the block between First and Second avenues, and the windows and fire escapes of the tenement houses looking down upon the cemetery were crowded. Soon Capt. McCullagh marched up from the Fifth street station with 280 policemen be-

him full in the face. He walked erect, yet slowly and feebly, with the aid of a cane. Admiral Braine escorted the old hero to Secretary Tracy's carriage, and the old man was soon surrounded with admirers.

Within the cemetery the heads of the different, Nowegian and Swedish organizations gathered and looked at Cant Ericsson's coffin. They were evidently intensely proud of the honors paid to their countrymen. There came, too, such of the surriving seamen who were on the Monitor in the Merriman fight as could be gathered together. Apart from Admiral Worden, the survivors present were:

Louis N. Stoddard, now commander of the revenue cutter Grant.

William H. Nichols, colored, of 250 Warren street, Brooklyn, steward's boy on the Monitor and a powder passer in the Monitor fight.

Hans Anderson, seaman on Monitor, 93 Hall street, Hoboken.

Hans Andersen, seaman on Monitor, 93 Hall street, Hoboken.

Patrick Hanvan, fireman on Monitor, 238 East Twenty-first street, city,
Daniel Toffey, Cantain's clerk on the Monitor, 277 Bergen avenue, Jersey City,
George S. Geer, fireman on the Monitor,
Troy, N. Y.

Robert Quinn, seaman, and Dr. D. C. Logue, who were also on the Monitor in the fight and are now residents of the city, could not be present yesterday. An effort was made, how-

cleared the way for the procession up Second street to Second avenue, along Second avenue to Eighth street, and up Eighth street to Broadway at Astor place. Then Capt, Brogan took charge. The further route of the procession was straight down Broadway to Pier A. The

detail of the procession was as follows:
Platoon of twenty policemen, Sergeant Mullen.
Capt. W. A. Kirkland, Grand Marshal; aldes,
Lieut. Commander Clifford H. West, Lieuts.
Thomas H. Stevens, Charles F. Calahan, and
Richard T. Mulligan, and Ensign Francis J.
Haeseler.

Richard T. Bulligan, and Ensign Francis J. Hasseler's Navy Yard Band.
Thirteenth Regiment Drum and Bugle Corps.
Battalion of United States Marines, Major R. W. Buntington commanding: Lieut. George F.
Elliot. adjutant.
Hearse, escorted by Capt. Louis N. Stoddard.
George S. Geer. Daniel Toffey. Patrick Hannan, William H. Nichols. and Hans Anderson, seamen of the Moultor; also by Morris Kane, Charles F. O'Neill. and John Williams, seamen on the Monitor Passate; Daniel Leech of the monitor Patapsco, and B. S. Osbon of the monitor Montauk.
These invited guests in carriages:
First carriage—Secretary of the navy Tracy

impossible to estimate, with any exactness, the number of men in line, but it is believed that the number was not far from 6,000. The two large bodies of men were the Swedish division and the Odd Fellows. Of the Odd Fellows, Amaranthus Lodge, No. 126, in which Eriesson held membership, beld the place of honor in the procession, marching directly after the invited guests. The Swedish division was a contingent composed of all the Swedish men in the city, of whatever occupation, who could possibly get out to parade. The Swedish engineers were a fine body of men and made a marked impression.

Watched by Stient Hundreds who Thronged

The Battery was a bubble of confusion as sarly as noon and its walks and the surrounding streets were crowded with people who thought to combine the enjoyment of both the land and the water parade. But long before the marching column was near the police took hold and marshalled the multitude into close continue and the pathways of the park. At the north end of the park, near Battery place and the line of march, the people stood as close as loot room would allow. There they were held even after the head of the procession had arrived, and very few fared better than those who had stood along Broadway. The people who saw the land parade saw little else and not much of that. Unly the escort of sea soldiers, the white helmeted marines, and the hearse and carriages got as far as Battery place. Those who were so placed as to have a view of the water scarcely saw anything of the street pageant at all.

But they did not lack for diversion. As early as half past 2, and even earlier, the boats' crews began to arrive at the landing steps between the Battery and Pier A. Steam launches, with puffy importance, commanded by woll-buildoned and gold-laced Licutenants, came and went, and big gifs with roal, the target pageant to the sweeps did the same. They care receiving of commanded by woll-buildoned and gold-laced Licutenants, came and went, and big gifs with roal, the target pageant to the sweeps did the same in the march parade. As fast as they got their orders they took the stations assigned to them, and remained boobing about in the choppy sea. The sight was interesting and pleasant to the crowd, and it mattered not whether the blue packets lay lazily on their oars or did a little work to keep in position, for admiring eyes were always fastened on them. Of course, the admiration was intensified when they bent their blue backs in response to ahoarse. Give way "from the coxwain. Commander Whiting was assisted at Pier A by Capt. J. N. Miller of the navy yard, whose especial province was the command of the two navy yard tugs, the Nina and the Cataina, which were more alongside the pier in readinces to convey the remains and their escort to the Battimore in the offine.

Police Captain Allaire, with Sergeants Taylor. Vredenburgh, and Oats, was busy, too, They and their men worked in harmony with the navid direct of the maxing

pulling boats were ranged nearly abreast, and the Catalpa and Nina were pretty close together most of the time. The distance to the Battimore was too short to allow the procession to stretch out into line as proposed.

The Baltimore lay stern on as the Nina slowly steamed down to her. Her big white bulk stood high out of the waters of the bay as the flood tide swung her up stream on her 45 fathoms of chain cable, with her bow pointing toward the Narrows. The conditions were veriect to allow the Nina to head the tide and lie gently alongside at her starboard gangway, as well as to allow the Baitimore to get under way and steam down the line of the anchored squadrons without the difficulty and danger of a long turn in the crowded bay. The minute gans from the Nantucket bogan to boom as soon as the Nina's stern cleared the pler head. All the attendant craft moved with some regard for the effort at processional effect. A tug Captain, whose tow was a big three-masted schooner, light, and with no apparent provocation for hurry, steamed coolly across the Nina's bows. A captle transport, londed with long-horned Western beef, dodged along behind and did the same savey trick. The big green hull of the steamship Marango of the Wilson line from Hull was crowded in between the two tugs by the rush of the flood tide and the thoughtlessness of her Captain, He only woke up after passing through the whole fleat to send a sallor aft to drop the British ensign at the taffrail to half mast height aud hold it there a minute. On board the Despatch, lying half way between the old Nantucket and the new Baitimore, a widely contrasting display was made to that of the blundering it uil steamer. The boat's crew and officers were ranged along the port rail, hats in hand, while the marine cortog passed. Capt. Thomas M. Smith of the Nina laid his craft alongside the Baitimore in fine style, and the Caalpa was made fast to her. The crew of the bundering thull stens from the main yard arm deck in company front, and Capt. Schley and his officer

THE SCENE AT PIER A.

helped up the gangway while the preparations were making for hoisting the coffin aboard, and the usual ceremonies marked the advent of the department's chief. But the Secretary's flag, while it disappeared from the masthead of the Nina, was not shown at the main royal truck of the lialtimore.

Everybody was in place when the coffin came aboard the craft that is to carry it to the shores of Sweden, and as it was lowered away into the hands of the sailor bearers three "ruffles" of the drums were beaten, and the bugle calls that accompany them were sounded, and the marines presented arms. Half way across the deck the coffin was borne to a place where some space was left unpeopled with marines presented arms. Half way across the deck the coffin was borne to a place where some space was left unpeopled with marines and sailors and gold-trimmed officers. The visitors quickly filled it, however, and as they stood clustered around the coffin the body of Friesson was formally and solemnly delivered into the keeping of the Baltimore.

It was a simple but impressive ceremony. The coffin was as expressively eloquent of death and helplessness as the magnificent warship, its visiting magnates, and its strength of men and arms were of life and strength. The booming guns, the surroundings of life, were but accessories to the picture presented on the cruiser's deck. The central feature of interest in a scene where a score of Government vessels, hundreds of other craft, and thousands of people were gathered, was the wooden casket that enclosed the fleshly ensket that had contained the jewel of genius. This relic of the greatness that the whole world honors was being reverently committed to the care of those who were to bear is to the country which shares with this a pride in the man.

The performance of this duty fell to the lot of Mr. 6. H. Robinson, one of the executors of the Ericsson estate, a man of dignified appearance and gentle voice, whose words were impressively reason of his earnest manner. He stood at the head of the



Norwegian American Seamen's Association. Farragat Navai Veteran Association, G. A. R. Navai Post No. 516 G. A. H. Stevens Navai Post of Hoboken, G. A. R. Rankin Post, No. 10 G. A. R. William Lloyd Garrison Post, No. 207, G. A. R. White Cross Knights of Temperance of rooklyn.

white Cross Anights of Temperance of Brooklyn.
Lodges of Odd Fellows from this city. Brooklyn. New Jersey, and from the Hudson River cities.
Along the route of the procession the streets were lined with people and great numbers on

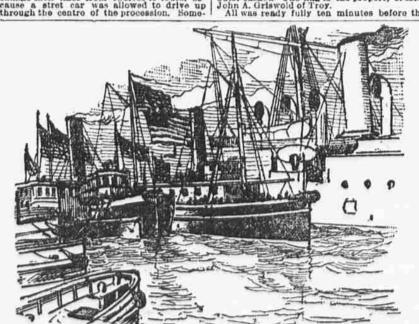
Along the route of the procession the streets were lined with people, and great numbers on the sidewalks followed the procession to the Battery. The windows, doorsteps, and house-tops were crowded. Flags were at half-mast on all the public buildings and on all the buildings of any importance throughout the city. The bius and orange flag of Swedon was not uncovered. There was no cheering, although people evidently wanted to express in some way their admiration both for the subject and the character of the display. This was naturally expressed, however, when the hearse passed. When people saw the four black lace-covered horses there was a universal and a simultaneous lifting of hats. A greater crowd than anywhere else was at Broadway and Park place, and here several thousand people were gathered. The police had hard work to clear the street. The running of the street cars interfered with the progress of the procession a great deal, the soldiers and different organizations having constantly to change their lines from twelves to fours, because a stret car was allowed to drive up lines from twelves to fours, be-t car was allowed to drive up

stood ready. Some one suggested that the hearse could be driven down to the gangulank of the Nina, and this was ordered to be done.

The previous arrivals were a delegation from the Grand Lodge of Oud Fellows and a delegation from the Swedish societies. They prepared the bier for the casket and placed along the companionway next to it the floral model of the Monitor from the Swedish Society, the laurel spray from the Swedish Society, the laurel spray from the Swedish Society, and the compass designed in immortelles from the Fran Svenska Fruntimmers Forengen of New York. These delegations stood with bared heads as the hearse was driven on the pier beneath the draped door arch where the American and Swedish ensigns were draped together, and another floral monitor, a model of the Monadnock, was placed.

While the tars were taking the coffin from the hearse Secretary Tracy, Mayor Grant, Admiral Braine, Gen. Howard, and the other distinguished guests embarked aboard the Nina or found places on the Catalon. Then the coffin was borne aboard the first-named tug while all bent their heads reverently, and the ruler of the navy removed his heavily weeded hat, and the Admirals and Commanders theirs decorated with official gold. The Odd Fellows three-linked design, in immortelles, which was with the coffin in the hearse was displayed at the foot of the bier, and the American ensign that flew from the flagstaff of the little Monitor while she hammered the Merrimac, and saved the country was twined with the Swedish colors, and wapped around the oaken outer casket. The flag is the property of Mrs. John A. Griswold of Troy.

All was ready fully ten minutes before the



THE MONITOR IN FIGHTING TRIM.

THE CATALPA AND THE NINA BY THE BALTIMORE,

times the paraders went on one side of the street car and sometimes passed the car in two columns, one on each side.

two columns, one on each side.

It was an impressive parade, by far the most impressive since the day when Gen. Grant's body was borne up to Riverside. The dirges, half mournful, half proud, and exulting, of the bands, the sight of Rear-Admiral Warden and the old Monitor seamen, the hearse with its sombre trappings and the caken box inside, the bandges of mourning everywhere, the sound of the cannons booming, all made it a narade such as people knew they saw but seidom. When the marines came along, marching in such solended order, the first inclination of people was to applied. This was quickly quieted when the hearse came in sight. It is

appointed hour of 3 o'clock, and the whole progress of the ceremonies at Pier A furnished an excellent example of what discipline can do.

The Commander of the Battimore Formally Undertakes Itis Trust.

The Nina's whistle blow three long warning clasts, the Catalon's hoursely echoed them as



itude for the gifts he gave us. Was he a dreame er? Yes. He dreamed of the practical application of serwy propulsion, and the commerce of the world was revolutionized. He dreamed of making naval warfare more terrible, and the Monitor was built. After one trial, at a most critical period of this nation's history, where were the navies of the world? The London Times said. "England has no navy." Again he dreamed and the Destroyer, with its submarine gun, was born. He dreamed of hot air, and behold ten thousand caloric engines? He dreamed of the surfary in sandy deserts where water was hard to get, and the solar engines came. And so he dreamed and worked. For seventy-five years he bore the strain of unremitting toll, and at the one his last words were: "This is rest." Well carned benefactor of the world.

"To you, Capt. Schiey, we commit these remains. The honorable duty is yours. Deliver them to his native country. We keep his memery here."

Capt. Schier took a half step forward inectined his uncovered head toward the speaker, and responded in the same earnest. even. simple tones. They were even more in contrast with his martial bearing, his glories of unleform, his air of authority. He said:

"To the Expectators of the Estate of LIPTING THE COFFIN ON BOARD.

with his martial bearing, his glories of uniform, his air of authority. He said:

"To the Executors of the Said:

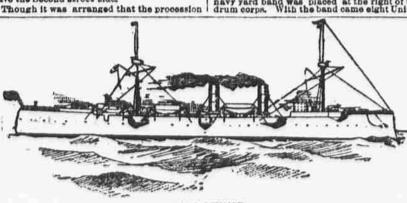
"To the Executors of the Said:

"The officers and men of this cruiser regard their assignment by the honorable Secretary of the Navy thowing in salute to Secretary Tracy) to the sacred duty of conveying these honorad remains of the late John Ericsson to their home in Sweden with peculiar pride and pleasure. It will be their bounden duty to watch over and guard them with an interest that is increased by the lame of this great man, whose part during the most important epoch of this nation's history is so widely our people. Ericsson's genius created a new instrument of war, and it is not too much to say that the latest modern battle ships are but modifications of his original idea as perfected in the little Monitor. The navy, which we represent, will be justly proud that their brothers in amy have been selected to perform this last sacred duty, and you will need on assurance from me that this duty will be dutifully and lovingly performed."

Pastest Trains in America. The awiftest trains are run between New Y Washington via screet Central Reading, and F arter gets on all trains station foot of Libe du.

E. & W. "The Ottumwa Collar." E. & W. Our trade mark on your collars or cuffs denoted feet form, also superfority of quality and finish.—

Boon after the street was cleared Lieut. A.



should not start from the cemetery until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, a crowd of people were gathered on Second street peering between the bars of the fence, as early as 9 o'clock. What attracted their attention was the big oaken box containing Ericsson's coffin resting on the walk just before the doors of the receiving vault Last Wednesday night Undertaker James B. Smith, who had charge Undertaker James B. Smith, who had charge of the Ericason funeral, removed the remains from the family vault in which they had privately been placed, and took them to the receiving vault. The body had been embalmed when it was interred. Early yesterday morning undertaker Smith and his assistants went to the receiving vault, removed the rough box from the coffin, and found the body in a perfect state of preservation and the features like those of life. They placed the coffin in a sine box, and put this again in a large box of polished oak. The sine box was hermetically scaled. The loofin,

States sallors from the navy yard, who were to be the bearers of the coffin. Mhe sallors were under the command of a naval cadet, and were drawn up on the sidewalk, just south of the cemetery gates.

drawn up on the sidewalk, just south of the cemetery gates.

The different people whose part in the ceremonies required them to be present at the cemetery came one by one. Secretary Tracy arrived at 12:45 in a barouche with his naval aide. A. G. Paul. Then came, in a carriage, Hear Admiral Braine and Rear Admiral John it, Worden, the commanders of the Monitor. Throughout the rest of the day the old Admiral was the most observed man who took part in the ceremonies. He wore the full uniform of a Hear Admiral, and his decorations gilltered on his breast. He is not a familiar figure now in New York, and he is seidom seen at parades or any naval festival. People who looked at him saw a very old man, tall and slender, with a full white beard and moustache, rnd a pale, grizzled face. One eye was closed—the eye he lost in the Monitor fight when the splintered iron from a gun struck

ever, to get together as many seamen who served on the Monitor or on its successors at any time. The seamen so gathered were Morris Kane. Charles F. O'Neill, and John Williams, who served on the monitor Passaic, Daniel Leech of the Patapsec, and B. S. Osborn of the Montauk. All these men were presented in turn to Secretary Tracy and to their old commander, Worden. Then they wandered over the cemetery and told stories of the great fight to eager listeners.

Major-Gen, Howard and his aiderode up from Governor's Island. Mayor Grant came in a cab. The Swedish Secretary of Legation at Washington and the representatives of the different Swedish Consuitates came on foot. All the military and naval officials were in full dress. The civilians were in pain clothes, save the officers of the Odd Fellow lodges, who wore their accustomed regalis. Everybody were mourning knots, or had crape tied to his arm. The distinguished suests did not enter the cemetery. Capt. Kirkland. grand marshal, and his half dozen aides galloped around and completed the final preparations for the moving lof the procession. G. H. Robinson and C. S. Bushnell, the executors of Capt. Ericeson, took a last view of the command and completed the final preparations for the moving lof the procession. G. H. Robinson and C. S. Bushnell, the executors of Capt. Ericeson, took a last view of the command and eaw that things were in proper order. A hearse with great glass sides and drawn by four horses, who were covered with a long and almost trailing lace of mourning. drawn singing societies—big men, blue-eyed and light haired—came down Second street in a procession of twos, and filed solemnly into the cemetery. They were led by Conductor Hajsiron and the Swedish Giese Club. There were nearly 200 of them. After them came the sallors who were to act as body hind him, who cleared the block. Capt Mc-Cullagh rosted his men in the streets and avenues adjoining, so that these streets, too, were not obstructed. From them on until the procession started the various organizations who were to take part began to arrive and post themselves in the streets assigned to them. All the civic societies were impressed with the idea that the parade was under strict naval discipline, and they found and took their places promptly. They were arranged as fol-lows: lows:

Ameranthus and Manhem lodges of Odd Fellows and American Society of Swedish Engineers on the south side of Second streat, the left of the Engineers reating on the east side of Second streat. The American Society of Civil Engineers, south side of Second street, right resting on west side of Second avenue, followed in succession to the westward by the American Seciety of Rechanical Engineers and Marine Seciety of the City of New York.

The Swedish division on the south side of Bond street, right resting on the west side of Bowery and extending to Broadway. right resting on the west side of Bowery and extending to Broadway.

The Norwegian division on the north side of Bond street, right resting on east side of Broadway and extending to Jones alley.

The Farragua Association on north side of Bond street, right resting on east side of Jones alley, and folloked successively to the eastward by Naval Post No. 50; and william Lioyd Garrison Post No. 207.

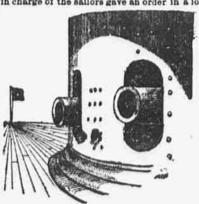
THE FLEET SALUTING THE BALTIMORE.

Conductor Hajstron and the Swedish Glee Club. There were nearly 200 of them. After them came the sallors who were to act as body bearers. In the cemetery the singers ranged themselves round the coffin. the sallors nearest it. After a still moment Conductor Hajstron, at the foot of the coffin, lifted his mahogany baton, from which floated little streamers of crape. In an instant, like the soft rising of a wind, but slowly swelling deeper and deeper, until it became a mighty peal of solemn music, arose the great "Strids boen," the "war prayer" of the Swedes.

Thou who hast the worlds for realm,

Thou who hast the worlds for realm, Hear the prayer we lift to Thee: Give Thy grace, O ded of wondrous glory, Over us forever more. Thine the power, Thine the giory!
Grant that liberty be ours.
Be Thou with us God of giory—
Terrors shall not make us flee.

After the choir sang the stanzas once, and just as they were beginning again, the officer in charge of the sailors gave an order in a low



TUBERT OF THE MONITOR NANTUCKET, SHOWING SHOT DENTS RECEIVED IN THE WAR. voice, and the sallors, leaning tover as one man, lifted the coffin from the black covered pedestals. Outside the cemetery gates Secretary Tracy and those invited to take part stood ranged across the sidewalk. The trees in the cemetery hid from them the onward movement of the coffin and its bearers, but the clarion-like voice of Major Hamilton rang out to the marines:

marines:

"Attention!"

There was a quick, sharp movement along the two long files of the finely disciplined battalion. From the drum corps one drum sounded a single tap. The next moment at the cemetory gates appeared the slight form of a little man dressed entirely in black, his black-gloved right hand partiy litting his sik hat from his white head. Behind him could be seen the saliors bending as they mayched along.

"Present arms," cried Major Hamilton, his cry sounding like a rifle shot. The drums rolled, and just as the flag-covered and laurel-wreathed coffin appeared the 500 muskets of the marines with one great flash swept into salute and were held there firm. Nothing was heard for a moment but the chorus of the singers in the cemetery. Then, away up the street, a volve-not Major Hamilton's-cried. "For-rr-ward," and then, after a slight pause, "March." It was Grand Marshal hirkland who called out. The big navy yard band struck, with a burst of sound, into a march that was solemn and yet triumphant. The sallors deposited the coffin in the hearse and the undertakers closed the hearse doors. The marines swept forward in broad files after the band, keeping exact time to the music. The old seamen of the Monitor took their places at the hearse's side. The procession moved slowly away, leaving the deep song still rolling out of the cemetery where the coffin had rested. It was exactly 1 o'clock.

THE PROCESSION TO THE BATTERY.

and the New Navy. The police arrangements for the procession were that each Police Captain should take charge of it as it passed through his precinct.

FROM THE TUG TO THE CHUISER.

their lines were cast off shortly before three o'clock, and they slowly steamed out beyond

the head of Pier A. The order was that the Nina should be preceded by the

THE MEBRIMAC. THE MONITOR (In their great fight in Hampton Roads.) companies of thirty-six men each. Major
Huntington was in command of the entire detachment. First Lieut, George F. Elliot acted as adjutant. Each company boarded the steamboat George Starr in single file, while the navy yard band went on board the Catalpa. At 11 o'clock the marines were landed at the foot of Third street, East River, and began their march up Third street to the Marble Cemetery.

AT THE MARBLE CEMETERY.

The Monttor's Commander and Other Dignitaries Present at the Pemoval.

Few interments are made now in the old Marble Cemetery on the north side of Second street, between First and Second avenues. A tall fron fence bounds it on the Second street, and against the opposite wall is a small, antiquated receiving vault. The rear walls of tenement houses bound the cemetery on all save the Second street side.

Though it was arranged that the procession

